[Sharjah bazaar]

Chow. These narrow, twisting streets have changed little in the last four or five centuries, and a similar scene must have presented itself to Haroun al Raschid as, disguised as a beggar, he crept through the dark thoroughfares of Baghdad. When I was in Sharjah I read that his palace had been excavated, but the Arabs with whom I discussed this interesting piece of archæology were not interested. They have a superstitious dislike of Haroun, and do not like to talk about the *Arabian Nights*, though I could never discover the reason for this.

The tailors make up most of the Arab *abbas* and *kufieyhs* from imported cloth of Indian manufacture; before the war a great deal of woollen and cotton fabrics came from Manchester, but it will probably be some time before the English piece-goods market is extended to Arabia again. We examined their wares; Indian-made shirts imported from Karachi, soft, woollen Kashmir shawls with hand-embroidered designs of birds and flowers in glowing colours; rich silks, sarongs and turbans, and large bales of coloured cloth for Arab children.

The streets are always congested at this hour. Not only Arabs, but goats and donkeys, throng the narrow ways, so that one continually brushes shoulders with the crowd and cannot avoid its inescapable stench. The peasant women seem dirtier than the men; this is presumably because their black cotton garments do not show the dirt, and are therefore seldom washed. Many of the younger women walked about unveiled and, in spite of their belladonna-stained eyes and henna-red lips, some of them were astonishingly lovely. They gave us coquettish glances as we passed, but even the most amorously-inclined Westerner would lose his ardour if he inhaled the nauseating odour of their persons.

Before we left Sharjah, Hassan suggested that we should take a cup of Turkish tea, so we sauntered into an open-air tea shop and sat on hard benches polished by much use. A handsome young Arab brought us tall, narrow glasses containing very sweet, warm tea, unclouded by milk; it was very aromatic and agreeable. The benches were arranged in a square, in the centre of which were stalls displaying cakes and sweetmeats, a large urn, and the inevitable gramophone. An old Arab sat smoking his hubble-bubble and changing the records; in return for this service he was supplied by the proprietor with free tea. The words of the songs, which Hassan translated for our benefit, were mostly concerned with the plaintive laments of unsuccessful lovers, suggesting that the crooner's

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533 complaint is not confined to the B.C. I have heard similar
265 songs in China and Oklahoma, and assume that unrequited love is a global ailment.

At a sign from Hassan, the old record-player began to play some tangos which took me back to the late twenties, and the audience began to smile broadly and drummed on the tables with
265 their fingers in response to the rhythm. Most of the café habitués
517 were business men and shopkeepers, who assembled there daily
521 to discuss stocks and prices. Two of them came to sit by us and the conversation, directed by the learned Hassan, turned to religion, or rather the differences of the Mohammedan and Christian versions. The similarity between certain passages of the Koran and those of the Bible were seized upon, and a bearded patriarch confessed with a twinkle in his eyes that the Prophet had been well-informed in the gospel of Christ and, as all knew who had read both holy books, had derived not a little inspiration from the parables.

771 The essential differences of the two religions lay in their conception of morality; thus some Christian concepts of human behaviourism, such as the negation of violence and vengeance, are diametrically opposed to the tenets of Islam. The Koran has a great deal of beauty, however, and its teaching of brotherly love and its philosophy of man's essential one-ness in the sight of God, alone have given it a deserved immortality. A really good Mohammedan is, in some ways, better than a good Christian; he will certainly die for his religion, if needs be, and his concept of life is far less material than that of the confirmed church-goer.

000 Hassan mentioned several Englishmen who have been converted to Islam, among them the late Lord Headley, President of the British Muslim Society, and the patriarch told us, to our great surprise, that he had made a journey to London some years ago and visited the mosque at Woking. He had a very great admiration for Lord Headley, a Haji who had made the pilgrimage to Mecca, and whom he regarded as sincere and devout.

The sun was sinking below the house-tops, gilding the streets with a golden haze, so after shaking hands with the merchants and making our salaams, we rose and departed back to the Fort.

had lunch, but it was not possible to decline the dishes placed before us. In the centre of the dining-mat was a huge bowl of rice and steamed sheep, very fat and oily; chipatties, truffles, curry, sheep's liver, and pastry puff balls filled with honey. The sheikh presented me with a large piece of fat with his own hands, and I felt sick before it had entered my mouth.

After the meal we again washed our hands and sat drinking out of little brass cups of bitter coffee. Cigarettes were produced and all smoked except the uncle from Baraimi. The conversation, as is customary during social calls, began with polite enquiries after one's health. Raschid then recounted some of his experiences in the hunting field, and sent his son to bring a pile of fine gazelle skins, trophies of the chase; one of especial beauty and fine marking he presented to me, together with a pair of horns. The wazir, Hussein, looked as though he were tired of the conversation, and produced a blackwood reed from the folds of his *abbas* and began to play a wistful little tune. Abdul bin Hamid sang in a high-pitched voice and we sat back on our cushions and listened. The tune was monotonous and without melody, but it had a weirdly fascinating rhythm.

The sheikh, whose tales of the hunt were thus rudely interrupted, grew restless; he belched aggressively and pulled at his beard. At length, losing all patience, he rose abruptly and signalled us to follow him through the courtyard. Hussein went on playing his melancholy tune, so we wandered through the fort with Raschid and his daughter. Scores of ragged children came into the courtyard to stare at us; they were nothing to do with the sheikh, unless they were children of his servants, and he took no notice of them. With his twinkling blue eyes, humorous mouth and hawk-like nose, he might have been an Eastern king, benevolent and wise, surrounded by his subjects. He had perfect teeth, stained at the edges by tobacco, and on his finely-shaped hand wore a large cornelian stone, engraved with an account of his descent. The Arabs do not as a rule have a crest or heraldic design, although some of the sheikhs display a badge, usually in the form of a crescent or sometimes a bird or lion which is engraved on seals and the backs of chairs.

Raschid on this occasion wore a very barbaric-looking turban of white and purple Kashmir wool and looked more like a pirate than ever. When we had seen over the fort, many of the rooms of which were completely bare, he conducted us to the stables

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Seated around our camp fire that night, Hamid burst into a long and rather plaintive song about our journey, of which I give a literal translation:

'Weary the traveller who leaves his home,
Saddened by comforts he has left behind;
Only the fool will brave the burning sun,
Searching for ghostly cities of the mind.

'Allah protect us from the djinns and fiends,
Spirits of evil who infest the dunes;
Let us return with haste to those we love,
And woo them with brave tales and manly tunes.'

We laughed loudly at this nostalgic chant, and the singer, eyeing us balefully for a moment, got up and retired to his tent. We had changed into Arab dress,* which is more comfortable in the desert than shorts and bush shirts, and there was little to distinguish either Schultz or myself from our companions. The scorching sun had burnt our faces a deep copper-brown, with white circles around our eyes, where they had been protected by sun-glasses. While Suliman prepared the evening meal, and Khofan bin Salim recited a long narrative poem which he had heard in Muscat—an Homeric tale of wifely infidelity—I read a chapter of the Koran.

Khofan was babbling on:

'Salaman heard—the Sea of his Soul was moved,
And bubbled up with jewels, and he said:
Oh Shah, I am the slave of Thy Desire,
Dust of the Throne ascending Foot am I.'

*The Arab cloak, or outer garment, is known as an *abbas*, and is usually of coarse linen, white, black or brown, sometimes edged with gold braid. The head-dress is composed of a square of fine muslin or Kashmir wool, and is worn under the black-braided *aggal*. In the Trucial Oman Coast this head-dress is known as a *ghatrah*, but in the Nejd and other parts of Arabia it is also called a *kufieyh*. It is worn by folding the *ghatrah* into a triangle, the base of which is placed across the forehead, the cloth being kept in place by the *aggal*. The ends of the *ghatrah* offer protection against insects, dust and the rays of the sun, and during a sand-storm are sometimes drawn across the mouth to form a veil.